# UNITY

*FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION*

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

**John Haynes Holmes**
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## Some Neglected Phases of Prejudice

*By* CLARENCE R. SKINNER

## A Belgian Inn-Keeper

*By* JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

## The Fascist Flood

*By* DEVERE ALLEN

## War—The Last Refuge of Capitalism

*By* GEORGE H. SHOAF

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## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### The Peace Movement Abroad

By William C. Allen

While a great majority of large church organizations of the United States have of recent date declared themselves on behalf of sane and Christian methods in connection with settling international disputes it may be interesting to learn of what is going on abroad. It is universally admitted that peace-loving nations must be willing to run risks if war with all its social and economic tragedies is to be avoided.

Prof. James T. Shotwell, the Research Director of the Institute of Pacific Relations, has proposed that countries, members of the League of Nations, as such, should undertake to devote to the study of peace at least one thousandth part of their annual military and naval expenditure. This important suggestion is finding place in high quarters abroad.

The League of Nations from 1921-30 increased its membership from 48 to 54 states. The United States, Turkey and Mexico are still outside. The League has settled numerous main disputes during that period. The problems of disarmament, undertaken by the League, involve every political, social and economic aspect of national life. European minorities are a source of great anxiety to the League. It has engaged in much humanitarian work requiring cooperation between governments, such as the traffic in women and children, the traffic in opium, international health, slavery. The cost of the League's activities is now about five million dollars per annum, a very small sum in comparison with the almost five billion dollars which President Hoover has recently declared is the world's yearly expenditure for armaments.

Forty-six countries have signed the optional clause of the Permanent Court of International Justice. The United States, Turkey and Mexico have not signed it.

The Peace Year Book for 1930 (English), to which I am indebted for much information in this article, reveals that there are branches of the World Peace Union in 45 countries. There are 92 peace and kindred organizations in Great Britain. This does not include small local peace societies. There are 458 peace and kindred organizations outside of Great Britain. Of these 58 are in the United States, not counting many local and church groups. In Africa there are 8 organizations dedicated to the cause of peace. It is interesting to observe that even pugnacious Bulgaria has 9 such groups. Even little Costa Rica has two peace societies. Its next neighbor, Nicaragua, has none. Probably the fighting between the United States Marines and many Nicaraguans has stilled the voice of peace. In far away Dutch East Indies there are 2 organizations. Haiti actually has a League

(*Continued on page* 368)

# UNITY

*"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"*

VOLUME CVII MONDAY, AUGUST 31, 1931 NUMBER 23

## FASCISM

**Fascism, like communism, feeds on injustice and the weakness of democratic institutions. It will succumb quickly and vanish into the limbo of forgotten menaces only by certain steps on the part of those who fear it: revising the Versailles Treaty; developing the League of Nations into an instrument of peaceable changes in the *status quo;* offering to youth opportunities for heroic action on behalf of peace; speeding up progressive measures in parliaments and courts to eradicate discontent; freeing religion from allegiance to force and social conservatism.**

**Devere Allen in this issue.**

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France is top o' the heap. French politics are realistic. They serve admirably the interests of Number One. France can be hard. She strikes a hard bargain when she has the advantage. She becomes sentimental only when she can induce her neighbors to shed tears over her alleged and real woes. Then she works sentiment to the finish of her opponent's interests and to the more complete establishment of her own security. She boasts the lack of the Anglo-Saxon's hypocrisy. The rest of the world is painfully aware that she also lacks Anglo-Saxon sportsmanship. She can whimper most eloquently at the right time. For a nation whose financial woes were yesterday thrust forward to elicit the sympathies of the world France is today "sitting rather pretty." But her surprising prosperity has not made her soft-hearted; she still knows how to drive a hard bargain. The rest of the world has wondered much over Briand. How does he come to be? Is he a real Frenchman? How comes it that real Frenchmen not merely tolerate him but keep him in power? It is noteworthy that during negotiations which have occupied European and American statesmanship this summer Briand has not been the spokesman of French policy. He has scarcely been more than "also present" at the various confabs and conferences. Is he quietly helping to play the French game, or is he biding his time when he can again assume leadership in forward-looking international politics? What is the world finally to conclude is the real French politics: the hard-fisted methods which have been practiced by France throughout the summer, or the statesmanship of Briand? Should not the rest of the world demand a clear definition of what France means by the "security" which she predicates as the *sine qua non* of concessions to international interests?

Have we achieved a right-about-face in foreign policy? It is not likely. Yet strange things are said and done at Washington. Have we a new President? No. The present is the real Mr. Hoover. He is determinedly committed to our entrance into the World Court. He may not fancy the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations, but many other Americans will be of the same mind so long as the Treaty of Versailles is the corner stone of the League structure. At the heart of this new diplomacy at Washington lies the doctrine to which Mr. Hoover has given expression in season and out, namely, that the way to world security and prosperity lies through general disarmament. The present zeal to help Germany may be furthered by the fears of the capitalistic system of the effects of a German financial collapse. Doubtless those three billions of American investments in the present Germany loom large in the vision of some recent converts to American participation in international affairs. But Mr. Hoover has made it plain that relief of Germany's financial strain is directly tied in with the cause of disarmament. Out of season as well as in has Mr. Hoover more than once harped on this string. There is no doubt about its being one of the foremost aims of his foreign policy, and necessarily also of the nation's domestic. There is where we have really stuck, up to this time, and where we are all too likely to stick still. But that is another story. The summer's activity in relieving Germany's financial distress is to be followed by a diplomacy which utilizes the prestige of the greatest financial power in the world, pitted against that of perhaps the next greatest financial power exerted to a contrary effect. France has a lot of money, and France is militarist when she is asked to curb her imperial aggressions or jeopardize her right to the pound of flesh which the Treaty of Versailles guarantees her. We shall see what we shall see.

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Another story is our own American militarism. Mr. Hoover's new foreign policy must finally encounter that. And it will not meekly walk up to the block to be slaughtered. It is much more lusty, and even savage, than most of us suppose. Mr. Hoover's biggest fight lies in that field. A government which is demanding general disarmament and using its enormous financial

power to back up its demand, cannot at the same time worship the gods of Preparedness. This shrine has multitudes of worshipers in the United States of America. They will not complacently see their shrine pulled down. And what a host they are! Among them are the families and many of the remote relatives of the boys in our military schools and in the military departments of our universities, in addition to the boys themselves; the near and many of the remote relatives of the miltary and civil personnel of the Navy and Army establishments; the relatives of the boys out of civil and school life who are being trained in the thriving military summer camps; together with numerous individual citizens who still believe that the way of military preparedness is the way of international justice and world peace. These are a multitude whom no man hath numbered, a multitude whom none doubtless can accurately list. We too often overlook the immense number of citizens who have a stake in our military establishments. Private interest is constantly stifling devotion to the public weal. The influence of private interest is very insidious, and it often supports American militarism where none would be disposed to look for sinister motives. The growing peace societies have been potent in forcing forward the new foreign policy at Washington. Let them not misunderstand that the final stand will be among our own communities and in our local election booths.

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It is a bewildered world. The revolutionary is scarcely less at a loss than the stand-patter. It is difficult to find anybody to get mad at,—and stay mad. Many individuals and institutions and social agencies have been singled out as culpable for what ails us, and in every case a sense of justice asserts itself: we become conscious that no one can properly carry the whole blame, and the task of apportioning to each just his or its share becomes increasingly difficult. Multitudes are now enraged. They are still hunting for a scapegoat. We were in this state immediately following the War. For so monstrous a thing somebody must be to blame. It was Germany! The framers of the Treaty of Versailles were in that state of mind. It was a state of mind which the sober judgment of mankind has repudiated. We shall probably be finally quite as much at a loss in locating the blame of the present economic and social depression throughout the world. Government is our commonest goat: why does not the government do something? It is noteworthy that the severest critics of government are the statesmen and politicians who chance to be out of power. Even radicals and revolutionaries are beginning to wonder if the present situation is one which a governmental formula will adequately cover. We are all still seeking the easy way out. We still think of the depression as cyclic: it is one of the series which students of economics have come to expect; it will pass like its predecessors. Maybe we have still to learn that "humanity is uprooted"; that a lot of the old growth must perish; that the re-rooting of what is fit to survive may prove a long and anxious process. Complacence has given place to fear. Now fear must give place to sincerity, intelligence, courage and constancy. It is not likely that a formula will save us. There is hope in the high virtues mentioned .

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The wild young things which have given the older generation so many qualms are now likely to be tamed. At no point is unemployment touching society more vitally than among college and university graduates today. All dressed up; where shall they go? All set for the job; where is the job? Trained to the minute, and no call for their skill. This summer and last thousands of undergraduates loafed about home or in summer resorts because they could not find a job. Now graduates of colleges, universities, professional and technical schools are in similar case, with not simply a three-months program at stake but with livelihood and career balked. There are numerous indications that many of these will seek graduate study during the coming scholastic year. This will not be an unmixed social good. During former depressions there has been a stampede toward certain professions. The effect was not socially wholesome. The recruits did not stick, and professional standards were lowered. There may develop a youth movement in this country, as a result of the present situation, which will have a vitality none has so far displayed. Here are thousands of highly trained youth stepping out into a world which has no place for them. If they have the vigor and skill which their training may be presumed to have cultivated, they will ere long make a world in which there will be a place for them. Their elders seem impotent to achieve this. In doing it for themselves the youngsters will assume powers and responsibilities which will supersede our elder statesmanship. The truth is several generations of American youth have been grievously pampered. They have received a spoon-fed education, and then have stepped forth into assured locations in an unhealthy economic and social scheme where their education has fitted, or at least has not too seriously handicapped them. Out of the present situation may emerge a youth movement which will do a lot of things to the community, and especially to education.

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So Bishop Manning would call another world conference on church unity! What a lot of putter and pother over shadows; what straining out a gnat while swallowing a camel; what climbing of a mole hill while exulting as one who scales a mountain peak! Bishop Manning knows as well now as he will after his new conference has held its session that the Roman Church's

position will remain unchanged. The Roman See has plainly announced that the only sort of "unity" which it will entertain is the confession of their sins on the part of Bishop Manning and the other ecclesiastical "schismatics" and their repentant return to the "Mother Church." What does Bishop Manning or anybody else hope to gain by more conferences which evade this issue? Do they hope to nag the "holy Mother" into concessions? She cannot make concessions, cannot recede from her position. She ceases to be herself the moment she does so. Bishop Manning and others seem greatly elated that the eastern churches who also assumed claims of "catholicity" are joining in his conferences and profess enthusiasm for the doctrine of unity. It is patent to those of ordinary intelligence that these remarkable conversions are a counsel of despair. These churches, formerly smugly "catholic," seem to have preserved at least a spark of a sense of humor; in their present waste and languor they are at least conscious that their only hope of survival is a recognition that they are not the whole thing, that there are others. A similar attitude on the part of the Roman See would carry similar implications. If Bishop Manning will continue his series of conferences long enough the Roman See may reach the same extremity. That is, indeed, his only hope. In which event the dead may indeed be joined in an imperishable union!

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

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## Some Neglected Phases of Prejudice

There are two important phases of the problem of prejudice which the writer has never seen discussed; yet both these phases are interesting aspects of human psychology, and a clear understanding of them would make a distinct contribution towards alleviating the intolerable burdens imposed by prejudice upon suffering mankind.

The first phase might be expressed by a law as follows; *prejudice first fastens its attention upon one aspect of an object, then it extends to the whole.* The attitude of superlative appreciation (which is prejudice *for*) and the attitude of extreme dislike (which is prejudice *against*) are not confined to the quality which arouses the appreciation or dislike, but are allowed to cover every quality and every phase of an object.

In this respect, prejudice is quite different from rational judgment which is always selective and definitive. The latter always confines its appreciation or adverse criticism to that part or quality which deserves it. It divides the whole into its component parts and judges each on its separate merits. A statue, a book, a play, is not wholly good or bad. A person, group, or nation is not wholly abominable or wholly praiseworthy. Rational judgment preserves a sense of proportion.

But prejudice sees only in extremes. Everything must be reduced to unity, forced into a conformity with a mental pattern with absolutely no nuances, no shades of good or bad, no admixture of true or false. In prejudice all things are "just utterly utter."

A few illustrations will bring out this phase of the subject and will clearly differentiate prejudice from rational judgment.

Undoubtedly the average person has a strong prejudice against criminals, which is altogether unfortunate for such prejudice stands in the way of understanding them and thus treating them wisely. A criminal to the "man in the street" is wholly abominable. He is a low-brow, ugly, ignorant, brutal, self-indulgent, hopeless. The murderer is of course beyond the pale and he ought to be hung or electrocuted without hesitation.

To the soft sentimentalist the criminal is a poor misguided creature, victim of unfortunate circumstances, the product of environmental influences over which he has had no control, and therefore he ought to be molly-coddled. There are noble qualities sleeping within his breast only awaiting some kind and benevolent spirit to bring them out. There are sentimentalists who are just as much prejudiced for the criminal as there are so-called realists who are prejudiced against them.

In so far as both these groups are victims of prejudice they see the criminal as a unified whole, composed of either despicable qualities without redeeming goodness, or as poor misguided victims of environment without personal responsibility for their crime. Neither group sees with rational judgment, neither preserves a sense of proportion. Neither selects or defines or analyzes. The object of prejudice therefore becomes an object of creative fiction rather than a real person and when the actual, measurable reality is lost, then the basis of sound judgment is gone.

When we hear that Mark L. Pinder has stolen from his poor defenseless grandmother her only pair of false teeth, we set him down in our mental filing cabinet as a low creature beneath contempt. Instantly his whole personality is suffused with the quality of baseness. We cry "that's all I want to know about him!" and the wish proceeds to effectively eliminate all other bits of information concerning him. We would not buy a deluxe copy of our favorite poet if we knew that he had done this exquisite tooling in green and gold. The fact that he is punctual, good natured, and very sentimental about orphan children is not allowed to get into the picture, because this would shatter the unified pattern, and we want beyond all things to

build up around Mark L. Pinder a logical consistency, we want to dislike him, and if we have to constantly be reminded of his good qualities, we find it difficult to maintain a steady, unbending antagonism.

Another illustration of this general law may be drawn from the prejudice which men have maintained for centuries against women;—an attitude which is now happily on the decline, but which is still strong enough to be a powerful force in society throughout the world.

It is not difficult to see how this prejudice arose and spread. Women are obviously handicapped for certain functions which were necessary for survival in the early days of human evolution. They were not so well suited to hunting, forced marches and dangerous sea-faring as men. The dependence of children upon them in a community where the home was central, kept them within a comparatively narrow range of activities. Under primitive economy, this limitation was probably essential and even the most ardent feminist must recognize the fact that it brought about a specialization which has had much to do with the intellectual and cultural life of men.

But since there is always an undercurrent of rivalry and of opposition between the sexes, and since the human male loves to dominate—man seized upon the fact of woman's limitation and by the process of extension and transference began to think of woman as weaker and handicapped in all things. Rational judgment would discriminate, and while recognizing certain true limitations, would also give due credit for compensating powers and virtues. Woman, if unable to do some things as well as men, can do other things better. Thus in any just estimate of the relative place and power of men and women there would be a discriminating balance and a tendency to equalization.

But prejudice tends to unify the picture. The one quality upon which it fastens its attention stands out sharp and large, while all else fades into vague background. It is like a close-up in the moving picture. One figure fills the entire space which was formerly occupied by a castle in Bagdad and a troupe of a thousand soldiers. Woman is limited; she is restricted in her social function; the home is her rightful place. Woman is therefore weaker, not only physically but mentally; she is not *able* to do anything outside the home; she cannot adjust herself to outside activities even if she would; she is not meant to be man's equal, but rather man's servant.

By some such illogical logic the male rationalized his prejudices against women, until females everywhere were reduced to a state of inferiority in which they themselves began to believe. The prejudice extends to modern life in which the original causes have disappeared, so that women have had to fight their way to recognition in the scientific laboratory, on the stage, in medicine and law, in business and in the pulpit. A presumption against woman being able to make good in any of these occupations is the result of the extension of the idea of limitation to the whole of woman's personality and to the whole range of her potential activities.

The law operates in the case of persons as well as with classes, races and nations.

For instance, if we see some person who has a characteristic which we very much dislike, it is easy to allow this dislike to quickly spread to every aspect of the person's character so that he or she is condemned in our sight before the person has had opportunity to prove his or her worth.

A short time ago the practice of using rouge in rather violent doses, was introduced among the women of America and has now become so common as to be considered a la mode. But this new phase of feminine toilette was met by a hard and unreasoning prejudice on the part of many men and older women. The writer confesses that when the new makeup began to appear, he had a strong antagonism against anyone who wore it. It was hard to realize that any young woman with plucked eye-brows, crimson lips, flaming cheeks, and cerise finger nails might be an excellent pianist, research student in the physics laboratory, author of love sonnets, settlement worker or bond-salesman. Eye-brows, lips, cheeks and finger nails do not enter into the technical qualifications of a profession, and do not determine the inner spiritual life. There is no reason why blue, green or yellow paint should make us disbelieve in the ability of a stenographer to take dictation or of an author to write a novel. But the fact is that prejudice does seize upon just such irrational "externalia" and does turn the mind against the entire person who possesses them. Personality is pre-judged before it is known. Prejudice always says, "That's all I want to know about him."

So with matters of dress—as instanced by the phase of the short skirt; so with the arrangement of the coiffure, as instanced by the bobbed hair fashion. So with a person who is "sloppy" with clothes, or with another who is a "dandy" fresh from the bandbox. They are known by one quality and one only.

So with the black-man, the Jew, the business-man, the "school-marm," the chorus-girl. Prejudice contents itself in labeling a person as foods used to be labeled in the old days before the pure-food law. Only part of the ingredients were published on the outside of the can or bottle, and they were often purposely misleading. If we are ever to do away with prejudice, we shall require a similar law which compels all persons to publish the full contents of the object they describe. If we must employ labels and symbols let us see to it that they contain the full formula!

The second law of prejudice follows naturally from the first and can be described more briefly. *Since*

*prejudice extends from one aspect of an object to the whole, it follows that prejudice is irrelevant and immaterial.* If it were introduced into a court it would be thrown out. And rational judgment in the individual would do what a reasonable judge would do for the court, namely declare it stricken from the records.

Let us again illustrate from examples which will show the operation of this law.

During the course of history there have been various classes of men who have dominated the whole social life. At one time it was the military man and because he was a popular hero, he was thrust into various offices regardless of suitability and he gradually took over the governing of nearly all institutions. In the first place, he became the head of the State, and from the earliest days of the tribe down to the present there has been a preponderance of military power. Examples of this in our own history are Washington, Polk, Tyler, Grant, Roosevelt. The various South American republics illustrate the point, and many of the recent dictatorships in Europe follow the same general tendency.

Because a man is victorious in battle he is assumed to be fitted for any and every task. There is romance enough about him—pomp and glory lend him distinction in the public eye,—a high tension emotion centers around him;—so there naturally arises a prejudice in favor of the military. He becomes legendary. He symbolizes power and capacity. By an easy but falacious transition, he becomes the head of the State, political autocrat, determiner of policies in the realm of finances, promulgator of laws for times of peace, patron of arts and sciences.

But obviously, all this is irrelevant. Like the famous flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la-, it has nothing whatever to do with the thing. The presupposition that because a man can win battles he can therefore direct affairs of State is essentially wrong. *A particular military man* might be able to do it, not because he is a great general, but because he is a many-sided genius, protean in capacity and wise in the understanding of his fellows. Prejudice for the military hero holds in office men who are mediocre or worse in civil life, and conversely prevents able men from attaining the positions which they ought to attain. Because of this prejudice the State has for centuries been held in thrall to the dominant ideals and methods of war, while it should have been making swift progress toward the arts and the techniques of peace.

Another prejudice which is marked by the same sort of irrelevancy and which has worked irreparable harm to the institutions of society, is the presupposition in favor of the priest as a man of total power and capacity and therefore able to dominate all phases of organized life. The priest, as a man of God, had a tremendous advantage over other men in bidding for public favor and in retaining their confidence. He represented something more glorious than battles, namely, the Kingdom of Heaven itself. He was endowed with no ordinary wisdom, but represented the divine will on earth. To misapply a line of Browning's

> God has a few of us, he whispers in the ear,

and as far as the ecclesiastic had access to the highest, he was a privileged person.

Granting the power of popes, cardinals, bishops and all other clergy to rule in matters ecclesiastical, it is surely irrelevant to expect them to rule the State, to direct the policies of schools, and to lay down laws for business men. Yet this is what they have done, and if we want to see the results at their worst, we have but to study pre-revolutionary Russia, with its priest-ridden communities, its alliance of State with church, its "holy devil" at court and its heavy encrustation of religious superstition.

In our time and country we have prejudice for the clergy exemplified in the fact that a minister is preferred for the position of college president, although the task of the educator has today become very highly specialized and requires a technique fundamentally different from that of the clergy.

In the sphere of social life, the Bishop still lends distinction to any list of patrons, the presumption being that the superiority of his office lends weight to any cause, no matter how foreign to the man's interests and knowledge.

In all such cases there is the element of irrelevancy. Because a man is good and because he officially stands for humanitarian causes, is no adequate reason why he should head a college, be a director of a settlement, or organize a drive for a public park. It depends upon the bigness and contacts of the man himself as an individual. If he is a Bishop such as the one who was largely instrumental in organizing the folk-high schools of Denmark, or such a one as recently received the Nobel prize for his peace work in Sweden, well and good. But if he is merely an ecclesiastic of a routine type, there is no rational presumption in his favor as an expert in every other field.

We have noticed in recent years a new prejudice emerging with reference to a social class; namely, a prejudice for the business man as the arbiter of all our destinies, and the savior of the country in time of its direct need. The extent to which this new dominant influence has gained widespread recognition is well set forth by James Truslow Adams' book on "Our Business Civilization." The author convincingly proves that this new type is rapidly putting his mark on all that we think and do; that he is determining our taste in literature and art; that he decides what we shall see in the theater; that he has become trustee of colleges, schools, libraries and churches; and that even science is now rapidly passing into his control. It has become

an axiom of modern life that economic forces quite largely shape our government for us and nominate the men who shall be our political representatives.

Why this emergence of almost unlimited power? It is not merely that the business man is greedy and that he grasps for every office within reach. Often he is overburdened with the responsibilities of trusteeships and would gladly dodge the honors thrust upon him. It is more than personal or even corporate greed which places this new king upon the throne; it is a new presumption that the business man is able to do all things. Even though we have a business man the size of a mustard-seed, we can do all things. Yea, verily, we can remove mountains if we but have sufficient faith in him.

This new prejudice, however, is essentially irrelevant. Because this new god can build railroads and dynamos, and concentrate cash into billion dollar corporations, is no reason whatsoever why he should preside over our newspaper editorial policy, determine what the preacher should preach, dictate taste in painting and lay down the laws of statesmanship.

The irrelevancy can perhaps be even better seen in cases of prejudice against persons or objects, and these undoubtely constitute the more common type.

Let us presume that J has a prejudice against Irishmen and Catholics, and that he therefore will not employ any man who is either or both of these things. But what has "Irish" or "Catholic" to do with the matter of smelting iron ore, or selling orchids? There is as great a variety of Irishmen as of Englishmen and Catholics differ among themselves as do Jews, Mohammedans and Protestants. The prejudice against an Irish Catholic as a worker is entirely irrelevant and immaterial. There is no necessary connection between his ability as bond-salesman and his nationality or sectarian affiliation.

If J had a factory entirely composed of Russian Jews or of German protestants, he might with rational justification say that Dennis O'Shawn would not be able to adjust himself to the situation; that the other workers would resent the presence of one who did not fit in with their "consciousness of kind." We can see plausibility in such an argument and we can understand that such exigencies would force J to refuse employment to Dennis O'Shawn. But this would not be prejudice, and it would be relevant to the case. But the fact that a man is an Irish Catholic has no more to do with his employment than the fact that he does not throw quoits well, and that he does not like pickles for breakfast.

Other illustrations will occur to the reader in such abundance that it is not necessary to multiply instances. On close examination it will be seen that all true prejudice contains an element of irrelevancy. It is this which makes its sting most bitter.

The black man knows that his color is irrelevant. The Jew knows that his race and religion do not rightfully prevent him from being an intelligent member of a social group. Women know that their sex is not a barrier to all occupations. Such knowledge, struggling heroically but unsuccessfully against prejudice, turns life to wormwood and gall.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

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# Items From a Traveler's Note-Book

## IV—A Belgian Inn-Keeper

I

"They will never get here again," said the innkeeper, proprietor of a small hostelry in Ostend. Just before us was the harbor-entrance, with the white-capped waters of the English Channel beyond. Fishing-boats were coming in and out, and now and then large steamers. On either side were the hotels and shops, which lined the beach along the open walk just as they do at Atlantic City. The beach was crowded with the curious bathing-machines which are characteristic of this continental shore. Not far away were the narrow streets of the town with their cafés, book-shops, theatres, and pretty little parks. And all this the Germans had held during the four years of the War, with the English naval patrol behind that misty horizon, and the U-boats running in and out at Zeebrügge!

"But they'll never get here, again," said our host, with mounting emphasis. He was a pleasant man, and much traveled; he had been in England in 1914-1918, and at other times in France, Germany, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, Africa, and America. He seemed open-minded, sensible, without undue prejudice, and always friendly.

"You *hope* they'll never be here again," I said. "You've had enough war in your time. You don't want another."

"Another war?" he cried. "It's as certain as tomorrows sunrise. Fighting is a part of human nature. Men will always fight. Wars will always come in the future as they have in the past. You can't prevent it. But the Germans will never get through to this place again. *Never!*"

"What's to stop them?" I said. "But I shouldn't think the Germans would try again after what happened to them last time. But if they do—what's to stop them?"

"The Belgian army," said our host, calmly, with not a suggestion of bravado. "We've learned our lesson," he continued. "Never again! We've got an army this time that will hold. Seven hundred thousand men—think of that!"

"Seven hundred thousand men," I exclaimed, recalling that the population of Belgium is considerably

less than that of New York City. "You don't mean to say that Belgium has seven hundred thousand men under arms!"

"O, no," he said, with some impatience. "I mean our army and the reserves."

"What do you have here?" I asked. "Conscription?"

"Yes," he said. "Every man has to go into the army for ten months and that makes him a soldier."

"I don't suppose you'll try forts again," I said, "after the way your old forts were smashed up in 1914?"

"Forts!" he cried. "Our parliament has voted 210,000,000 francs for new forts. That will make a beginning, I guess."

"This defense business must be costing a small country a lot of money. Where do you get it?" I asked.

"Taxes," replied this honest man, and for the first time I saw him getting excited. *"Taxes,"* he repeated. "You see that hole in the side-walk for my coal? Taxed! Those chairs on the sidewalk? Taxed! That sign over the doorway? Taxed! Those blinds in the windows? Taxed! The sign on the roof? Taxed! Everything taxed! *Everything!!* How do we live? I do not know. It is terrible. And business?—there is no business! My hotel—see, it is empty! All these hotels, empty. I tell you, something must happen. Your President Hoover, he has cheered us. Yesterday, all glum; today, all hope. Yes, something must happen. It cannot go on."

II

Two days before I had been in Antwerp. It was a Sunday morning; I had started out to attend high mass in the Cathedral, where hangs Rubens' masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross." The choir of bells in the soaring Tower were pouring down their melody from a glorious sunlit sky. It was welcome music. But suddenly I heard other music—the music of trumpets and drums and clashing cymbals. It came not far away from the Grand Place, the vast open square before the Hotel de Ville and the Guild Houses. Curiosity tempted me from my churchward way, and I followed a swelling crowd of men, women and children to the Place. There, by the great Brabo Fountain, I saw a flagpole which had not been there the day before. Facing it was a high canopy, beneath which were handsome official chairs. The square was rapidly filling with soldiers, in heavy marching array, with muskets, bayonets, and steel trench helmets. Company after company came marching in, lined up at its appointed post, and took "at ease" positions. The music mounted in ever louder, shriller tones, as new companies tramped along, and band added itself to band. Now officers and civic dignitaries appeared, and took their places by the canopy. Suddenly a brigade of boy scouts filed in—golden lads all eager for the color and excitement of the hour. Then a long line of girls, adorned with flowers, flushed, silent, awed by the thrill of their participation in this ceremony! Still the soldiers came, marching with iron tread upon the rough, stone pavements. The square seemed filled 'till it could hold no more. But the marching hosts still moved from out that distant street—I could see the bayonets as they flashed beneath the sun! And one mounted man, splendid with sword and medals, rode quickly back and forth. He must be the commanding officer on this day!

Suddenly there came a lull. I saw the men in the tall hats and frock coats conferring. I knew this meant delay, for when have politicians ever done anything on time? So I said, "This is my chance to get to the church, and see the cathedral service." I hurried away, only a block or two to the east, and arrived just as the congregation was kneeling for the lifting of the host. Glorious music was pouring from organ and choir. Then came the long silence. I watched the three priests before the altar, as they moved slowly at their task, bowing before the cross each time they walked in front of it. At last came the ringing of the bell. The cup was raised—the people bent low in prayer. And then again that mighty music drenching us all from the great arches overhead!

I hurried away, back to the Grand Place—and was just in time! The city dignitaries had ended their conference, the commander had wheeled his horse and was calling his orders, the soldiers were standing "at attention."

First came inspection. Some general, more than ordinarily stout and swollen, marched from company to company, attended by the mounted officer. Then I saw a peculiar sight. In front of each company stood three men—one in the centre carrying a small banner, suspended on a kind of golden baton, or truncheon, and bearing the inscription, so far as I could make it out, *"Le Campagne,* 1914-1918." The other two men were evidently body-guards, or attendants. Now as the inspecting general passed these banners, he stopped each time dead in his tracks, faced the sacred symbol, saluted it with prolonged attention, and only then moved on. It was an amazing performance.

Next came the raising of the national flag on the special pole before the Fountain. Long calls on the bugle, soldiers all "at salute," the sudden crash of martial music, hats off, and a great flag slowly climbing and gently unfolding in the morning breeze!

Then, the review of troops! I did not wait for this. But as I turned away, I saw the first company marching by the chairs beneath the canopy; and when I was blocks away, on my quest for another church, I heard the fading music of the bands, and now and then caught the glint of bayonets down the vista of some distant street. It was not until the next day that I learned, from a story in a local newspaper, that this was a celebration in commemoration of the great Allied victory at Verdun.

III

That night I had a dream. It was a confused dream. I was in a church—like that noble cathedral in Antwerp. The nave was crowded, but the congregation were all soldiers; and they were not kneeling but standing "at salute." There was music filling the vast spaces of the edifice, but it was the music not of organ and voices, but of bugles, drums and cymbals. I saw the altar, but no cross was there, only a golden truncheon bearing a banner marked *"Le Campagne,* 1914-1918." There were priests busy before the altar, but they wore not vestments but uniforms, and one seemed to be on horseback. And every time one of these priest-officers passed before the banner on the altar, he bowed, or saluted—it seemed to be sometimes one thing, and sometimes the other.

And there came the long silence before the lifting

of the host. Suddenly I heard not a bell, but a bugle. Instead of a cup, a flag was raised. And all the soldiers in the church presented arms, and the brass of a mighty anthem crashed with drum and cymbal from the choir.

It was a peculiar dream. I had got religion mixed up with patriotism, and priests with soldiers, and altars with flags. I wonder what had happened to my mind!

IV

I remembered these things as I talked to the innkeeper at Ostend. I had been told that Belgium was the most militaristic of all European countries. More militaristic than France! But how could the people stand up under this awful burden? Why did they fear a disarmed, poverty-stricken, and broken Germany? Were they hopelessly bewitched by the mania of nationalism? Had they learned nothing from the experiences of the last two decades?

On my way to Ostend, I had stopped for a day or so at Brussels, one of the loveliest of European captals. I had seen there the evidences of the German occupation—the hotels and dwellings where the officers had stayed, the rifle-range where Edith Cavell had been shot, the grave of the Belgian Unknown Soldier! On my way into Germany, on the crack express to Cologne, I passed through Louvain, where the great library had been burned, and through Liege, where the proudest of modern fortifications had been blown to bits by the Austrian siege guns—awful memories! Did these names mean nothing to the contemporary generation? Was all this tragedy of 1914 quite forgotten?

The Belgians seemed to be a peculiarly delightful people—courteous, hospitable, quiet, busy yet knowing the charm of leisure. The countryside was beautiful—I have seldom seen such rich and handsome crops. The farm lands seemed everywhere to be blessed with plenty, thanks to fertile soil, propitious skies, miles of irrigating canals, and the faithful labor of men's hands. The cities were outwardly prosperous and happy, though the hotels and cafés seemed curiously empty, and a disturbing number of hucksters and peddlers crowded upon the streets. But from Antwerp to Mons, from Ostend to Herbesthal, there hangs over this land the shadow of a great fear. Belgium is at peace with all the world, but no citizen of Belgium is at peace within himself. He lives day and night in apprehension of the next war which he knows must come, and he does the very thing which must insure that his anticipation shall not be disappointed. What superstition is this—superstition as gross and terrible as the superstition of the Middle Ages! A thousand years ago men lived and died in dread of hell in the next world; today they live and die in dread of hell in this world. Where's the difference?

*Cologne, Germany.*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

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# The Fascist Flood

Critics of fascism often oversimplify the situation. Great social movements, whatever one may think about them, seldom arise without a certain social justification. For the primary origins of Italian fascism—and Italian fascism is the fount of fascism throughout Europe—it is necessary to go back more than a quarter of a century to the protests of young men like Prezzolini, Croce, Papini, Gentile, and Salvemini against the lack of public spirit, the traditionalism of culture, and the shiftlessness of government. Religion was getting shallow, they felt; literature sterile; and the general social outlook tawdry. And the experience of Italy in pre-War days is hardly different from that of other countries today where parliamentarism has been brought into dispute and democracy challenged; the world is finding out that political democracy, so-called, can function neither democratically nor efficiently unless accompanied by industrial democracy. But in Italy, as in many another place, the tendency was to blame politicians and parties rather than underlying social concepts.

Following the establishment of several liberal journals whose aim was the regeneration of Italian national life, came the War. The War inflated the values of action and deflated the values of intelligence. Thus it was possible, at its close, for less scrupulous younger men, to split with more sensitively ethical leaders such as Salvemini, whip together a group of adventurous ex-soldiers, start a series of open battles with the rising forces of communism, gain the support of frightened industrialists, ally religion with extreme nationalism, pick an able leader who was a renegade radical, and, by employing ruthless brutality, terrorize the population into submission.

At bottom, this system of terrorism is what maintains the Mussolini dictatorship. But it would take more than sheer brutality to attract many of the people who have joined wholeheartedly with the fascists in Italy. They have responded to fascism's appeal for increased national pride; they have warmed at the heart over the new outlook for modern imperialistic power based on the tradition of ancient Rome; they have hope that fascism may create a great Italian power, strong in diplomacy, augmented in territory, invincible in its resurgent culture.

There are observers who believe the gains to Italy are worth the price in human liberty. I cannot share their comforting conviction.

Consider the motive of the Terror. Its motive is not ultimate freedom of the masses from poverty; not the gradual breaking down of barriers between races, classes, and nations; not the elimination of war and militarism; not the substitution of service for profit. All of the foregoing motives are present in communism, whose methods I abhor and which I believe to be self-defeating. But the ruthlessness of fascism is exerted for nationalism alone; for the maintenance of power in one group which envisages no subsequent transfer to popular control but which anticipates a permanent oppressive system; for the aggrandizement of national influence by increasing fear (commonly labeled "respect") in other nations. For proof of these statements it is only necessary to consult the utterances of Mussolini and his marionettes, the Italian papers.

When you understand that murders have been committed without the least squeamishness for the cause of fascism as they have for other causes in all of Europe's dictatorships; when you know that torture is applied where it seems desirable, varying from pins

under fingernails and ordinary beatings to solitary confinement in cells containing nothing but six square feet of stone floor, you can appreciate the glances which anti-fascists cast so frequently toward doors and windows when they talk with you about the life they lead. There is a kind of espionage conducted by the *Organizzazione Vigilanza Reati Antifascisti* which consists of open, ceaseless following of a suspect by a uniformed official; the miserable wretch thus honored is avoided by every soul around him as though he were a leper. The Special Tribunal, established as a temporary measure, has now been made permanent. Perhaps the most effective weapon against the flight of a pacifist or anti-fascist into exile is the imprisonment of his wife or oldest child; one man to my knowledge became ill while in jail and had to be transferred to a hospital, but his son was forced to take his place.

I do not repeat idle gossip; but I cannot give names or places. It is significant that even so impartial a writer as Carmen Haider, whose book "Capital and Labor Under Fascism" is sponsored by Columbia University, and who talked with fascist leaders in Italy and anti-fascists outside, thanking these all by name for their aid, is compelled to say in her introduction:

> If I abstain from expressing my gratitude personally to each one of the opponents of the fascist regime whom I have met in Italy, this is not because I am less thankful and obliged to them.

The supreme tragedy of Italy is the military enslavement of its youth. I hope that none of my readers have been credulous enough to fancy that Mussolini's recent pacific remarks about disarmament mean the abandonment of militarism. What fascism counts on is not so much a standing army as its trained reserves. And its reserves are being built up enormously from the system by which millions of boys and girls are being used for the perpetuation of the regime. First, there are the Young Fascists, eighteen to twenty-one years of age; next are the Avanguardisti, fourteen to eighteen; and third are the Balilla, eight to fourteen. Last April 110,000 Balillas were transferred to the Avanguardisti, and 90,000 Avanguardisti were made Young Fascists. At the end of March, the Balilla numbered 647,000 boys and 504,000 girls. On one of the days I was in Italy, a holiday occurred; under compulsion, every one of these groups attended meetings where they were given instruction in political incendiarism, lust for conquest, and even direct hatred of France as the pet black beast of the moment. Schoolbooks have been introduced which keep a child in utter ignorance of other countries until the late teens and which incite to war for Italian prestige.

Just as many another movement which has swung around a circle reveals weakness at its source as it takes on strength elsewhere, so Italian fascism is exhibiting symptoms of a possible breakdown. The tightening up of repressive measures is one such sign. Another is the furious effort to balance the budget by taxation followed by drastic wage cuts; the million employees in the civil service who suffered a cut of 10 to 12 per cent are not unmindful that over a quarter of the national expenditure goes for armaments. It is possible to comprehend the effects of the budgetary crisis when 184,000 rice pickers, for example, who have been receiving seventy-five cents for an eight-hour day are suddenly cut to fifty-five cents a day by a decree of the Labor Tribunal from which they have no appeal. In certain areas, the parading youths no longer are marched through the residential districts, because of the hostility they arouse. Secret dashes of automobiles through the countryside, distributing anti-fascist literature, are not unknown. Men like Toscanini, who was beaten (not "slapped") for refusal to play the fascist anthem in his programs, have shaken fascist nerves. Reaching Milan a day or two after a large demonstration in honor of Toscanini, held in the teeth of fascist disapproval, I was amused to note the nervousness of the police guarding La Scala when I took some snapshots of the famous concert hall.

Most dangerous of all to fascism is its conflict with the Papacy. Thus far the Pope, deservedly, has won the honors; for though superficially the organizations of Young Catholics have been broken up and the teachings of fascism are going on unchecked by the rival teachings of the Church (at their worst far more humane and enlightened), a tremendous discontent has been driven underground. It is probably true that the Pope's recent attack on Socialism as incompatible with Christianity (which his spokesmen have since declared did not mean such parties as that of British Labor, etc.) was confusedly aimed at Mussolini's syndicalism and the self-styled "National Socialists" in Germany, who are not Socialists at all.

Another source of unrest in Italy has been the Spanish Revolution, details of which neither Pope nor Duce have been eager to pass around among the masses, but which, when I was in Italy, were nevertheless being circulated in great glee by word of mouth.

There was a time when fascists disclaimed any interest in the spread of their movement outside of Italy. But that time has passed. A veritable flood of fascism, openly fostered from Rome, has swept northward and eastward over Europe, even stirring up a lot of talk in France and England about the need for dictators. The marriage of the Italian princess into the Bulgarian royal family was the signal for a fascist parade in Bulgaria, led by the Italian minister. The Austrian Heimwehr, who have been proved by recent voting to be a small minority in popular esteem, have none the less held fraternal meetings with Italian fascists on the border, and have even been in part responsible for the amelioration of Italian tyranny in the Austrian Tyrol; together these worthies have drunk to the Day when by violence and dictatorship they shall be able to advance their national greatness and, in the case of same, their personal fortunes.

That Count Bethlen of Hungary and Premier Mussolini have long maintained a secret agreement as to joint diplomatic purpose, is known to everyone. How this affects the peace of Europe may be gathered from the famous case when machine guns were found illegally shipped from Italy to Hungary labelled as "agricultural machinery"—no doubt for their usefulness in mowing down. In the midst of the recent German financial crisis, a hurried secret visit was paid by Bethlen to Mussolini; and Bethlen has imitated fascist methods in order to maintain his government in power, jailing the opposition and intimidating the electorate. In Poland the same practice has been followed to retain Pilsudski and his minions in power; sixty-eight opposition leaders were imprisoned during the last electoral farce.

No greater example of the injurious effects of fascism in international affairs could be cited than the experience of Germany. Just as Bethlen toys with the

hope of a Hapsburg restoration through young Otto, so Hitler locks arms with Germany's erstwhile Crown Prince and is hailed by the Kaiser's fourth son as "God's gift to Germany." The German people, I am convinced, care little for Hitler and his works, but they have used him as a threat to France.

Two schools of thought exist in Europe: the one, headed by France, determined to hold the war settlements exactly as a *status quo,* refusing all change, and insisting on the fiction of Germany's sole, exclusive guilt for the War; the other, determined to revise the Treaty more in accord with political and historic reality. The Francophile bloc of nations, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Yugoslavia, together with the French Nationalists, are chiefly responsible for Europe's present malaise, due to their intransigeance. But from five months in France, during which time I visited almost every corner of the country, I am convinced that sentiment for revision of the Treaty has been slowly gaining. One hundred and ninety-eight French intellectuals not long ago sent a message of goodwill and peace to German intellectuals; the French Socialists and liberals have gained some ground for peace. But the presence of Mussolini across one border and the Hitlerites across another only furnish an excuse to the French militarists to hold up the bogey and play upon fear; thus the French Cabinet goes cheerfully off to play for several days while Germany seeks to avert a crash; thus M. Briand is obliged to betray his pacific following by stoutly asserting something he knows is fantastic, namely that the Versailles Treaty, already violated by the Allies with regard to disarmament, is "inviolable."

The trail of fascism is much the same, whether it manifests itself as anti-Semitic riots in Austria and Germany, beating and bombing of political adversaries in Western Germany, murder of opponents in Lithuania, mob terrorism in Finland, violent outbursts in Sweden, or such juvenile spite as shown by Dutch fascists who recently strewed iron spikes in the path of buses bearing thousands of trade unionists to a peace meeting. Both in Europe and America, it is sometimes upheld by people who see in it a protection from communism. If this is our only defense against the power of communists, we have come indeed to a sorry state. The defense against what we dislike in communism is the creation of a social order so just, so productive of security, well-being, and general happiness that the apostles of violent revolt can make no headway.

Fascism, like communism, feeds on injustice and the weakness of democratic institutions. It will succumb quickly and vanish into the limbo of forgotten menaces only by certain steps on the part of those who fear it: revising the Versailles Treaty; developing the League of Nations into an instrument for peaceable changes in the *status quo;* offering to youth opportunities for heroic action on behalf of peace; speeding up progressive measures in parliaments and courts to eradicate discontent; freeing religion from allegiance to force and social conservatism. Are we, on our side of the Atlantic, doing all we can along these lines?

DEVERE ALLEN.

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## Red Perihelion*

Meek little mother, hold fast your child
And hold him close and hold him long.—
What makes your eyes so weird and wild?—
Something is dreadful wrong!

For Mars is rising and Mars is red,
Red as a fatted calf fresh-bled;
And Mars is angry and Mars is red
And nears the perihelion.

Slim little mother, you droop distressed!
You know not why; you cannot know. —
But suckle the babe on your meagre breast
And make your nipples flow.

For Mars is rising and Mars is red,
Red as a Flanders poppy-bed;
And Mars is ruthless and Mars is red
And nears red perihelion.

Poor little mother, you cannot know;
And knowing not, why need you weep?
Why do you clutch your infant so?—
See! he smiles in sleep.

But Mars is rising and Mars is red
And Mars is scowling and Mars is dread
And Mars is redder than blood is red
And draws near perihelion.

Wistfully, mother, you stroke his hair!
Perhaps you dream of scarlet mud!
No!—but the curl will not look fair
Matted with grime and blood.

For Mars is rising and Mars is red
And Mars glows bright like molten lead
And Mars is glaring, glaring red
And nears the perihelion.

Poor little woman, did tyrants die
In Ages men have called The Dark
When bleeding peasants saw them lie
In death and cold and stark?—

Then why is Mars up-rising red?
Why not the Morning Star instead?—
But cruel Mars is looming red
And nears red perihelion.

Poor little mother, mad kings are dust
Who struck with swords in days of old,
But tyrants live and tyrants lust
And strike with barbs of gold.

And Mars is rising and Mars is red
And drives away the frightened moon;
And blood shall run in rivers soon,
With Mars at perihelion.

Then weep, for mothers still must weep;
And infants still must laugh and grow;
And, grown, must see their mothers weep,
While *they* laugh at death—and go.

For Mars is rising and Mars is red
And Mars is scowling overmuch
And Mars looms big and soon will touch
The reddest perihelion.

LEGARDE S. DOUGHTY

*When Mars is at perihelion opposition it is nearer Earth than at any other time in its orbit, and therefore looms larger and redder; hence the suggestion of war—always ready to attend the greed of man—upon such an occasion.

# War—The Last Refuge of Capitalism

[The Challenge of a Radical]

Appropriately illustrated, there recently appeared in a Sunday edition of the Hearst Press a full page editorial entitled, *Where Is Allah?* It pictured the power of modern militarism as it might be deployed against the inadequate defense of an oriental nation, and the query of the editorial, raised by the orientals, according to the Hearst writer, easily could find its echo when Americans, some day unprepared and facing defeat, would cry out, *Where Is Providence?* The moral of the editorial, frankly and aggressively stated, is, Providence helps those only who help themselves.

Bristling with the demand that the government of the United States arm to the teeth, and do it now, giving special emphasis to perfection in the air service and the department of submarines, this editorial as a study in psychology is interesting; as a crass exhibition of the modern mind in its effort to solve world problems it is extremely significant. It is a disclosure of the fact that after uncounted thousands of years of mental and moral development, with six thousand years of recorded social progress, there still remain human beings of intellectual responsibility in whom the ape and tiger lives, and who appear to have no plan of social salvation other than that found in recourse to brutal and bloody war.

Working himself into a frenzy of passion, the writer of this editorial depicts the possibility of hideous death by poison gas rained down upon American cities by an enemy air fleet, and, in his eagerness to terrify the reader, points to Soviet Russia as a potential enemy now building "the biggest dirigible airship on earth." Summarizing, he says: "The world has changed, war has changed, and a nation that substitutes sickly sentiment for adequate defense and *power of retaliation* will rue the day."

If this editorial were no more than the passionate outburst of an irresponsible individual it would warrant but incidental notice, but such is not the case. It is the studied and deliberate attempt by the most powerful newspaper syndicate on earth to play upon the ignorance and inflame the passions of a people, dispirited and made desperate by economic depression, and thereby prepare them psychologically to take part in a projected international fight. It is the verbal expression of a carefully worked out program whereby the agents of capitalism expect to accomplish two objectives: first, the withdrawal of the attention of the people from their domestic misery; and second, the centering of this attention, with military preparation and display, upon a foreign foe.

Unwittingly, this editorial is an admission of the breakdown of the capitalist system, and an acknowledgement that the champions of the system are unable to rebuild or make it work without resorting to force. It is the most candid confession of the moral and intellectual bankruptcy of the leading industrial nation of the world. This appeal to the fighting spirit of the American people and this demand upon the government that it immediately prepare for war constitute the last refuge of a republic whose cherished and traditional principles of private ownership, individual initiative and free competition are in danger of replacement with something different.

What is the chief contributing cause of every crime and every war? Granting its advantages in the matter of personal advancement or social achievement under disappearing forms of society, and they have been many, the statement is here made without fear of successful contradiction that the answer to this question is—property.

Why do men engage in individual combat? With few exceptions, to gain possession of the opponent's property. Why do nations go to war? Without exception, to seize the property of a defeated enemy or otherwise exact tribute therefrom. Examination of the historic record reveals that apart from dynastic and religious wars, virtually every war ever waged between nations has been fought to settle or secure a property right. There is no escape from the conclusion that property is not only the contributing but the principal cause of every crime and every war that has occurred since private ownership became an established institution.

This property motive prompted Great Britain to oppose with arms the successful efforts of the American colonies to free themselves. It is keeping the British flag flying above embattled forts in India. It animated the conquest of Mexico by the United States. It prevents the withdrawal of the American flag from the Philippines. Northern industrial interests clashing with the slave power of the South precipitated the "irrespressible conflict." The invading commerce of industrial Germany, provoking the wrath of competing nations, brought on the World War. America's entry therein, notwithstanding the mellifluous paeans sounded in behalf of democracy, was purely to protect the property her men of wealth had risked on the side of the Allies.

Known the world over as capitalism, the social, economic and political institutions which reflect its power and progress have their basis in private property rights, and the system itself exists to protect and preserve in perpetuity those rights. The old radical cry that in America the dollar is above the man has its origin in irrefutable fact. A study of the Constitution of the United States, and a knowledge of the social standing and prejudices of the men who projected it, will sufficiently clarify this statement. Further proof, if such is needed, is found in the vigor and venom with which champions of the Constitution—millionaire beneficiaries of privilege and corporation-controlled press—assail critics of that document. And today the one country that is most feared and hated by the rulers of international capitalism, and is now the target of their combined attack, is Soviet Russia, which has dared to abolish that instrument of exploitation—private property.

At this moment the leading capitalistic nations are spending more money on military equipment, and through the press and over the radio are doing more to revive and foster the military spirit, than they ever did before—and why? Because they realize that another war is imperative if capitalism is to survive. Instead of fighting each other, however, it is manifest their purpose is military unity against Soviet Russia and

Asia, which they wish to conquer, dismember and exploit. As a social, economic and political system, capitalism cannot remain stationary. It must extend or perish. Within the limits of their respective countries the systems of capitalism have about reached their climax, and are trembling for a fall. Capitalism cannot withstand another world-wide economic collapse. If, blindly calculate the proponents of capitalism, the people can be stampeded into endorsing a war declaration against Soviet Russia the situation, for a while at least, will be saved.

While these words are written not as a defense of proletarian dictatorship, it is conceded by all progressively inclined observers that the new property arrangements inaugurated by Soviet Russia are a vast improvement over those which exist under capitalism, and that the Soviet system of common ownership constitutes a specter which affrights the souls of profiteers. In the solution of social problems—and they must be solved if society is to endure—how much more sensible would be the procedure and happier the results if men would use brain power instead of brute force. Property as the basis of social organization and activity has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Production for profit, with wage-slavery for the working class, must give way to production for use, with the workers in control. Whether the beneficiaries of special privilege like it or not, the new social and economic order of collective ownership is on the way; its introduction and acceptance may be peaceful or otherwise. The Hearst editorial, demanding immediate military preparedness, indicates that the transformation from the old to the new may be otherwise.

GEORGE H. SHOAF.

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# The Study Table

### India in 1931

Of all the provocative literature recently produced on the subject of India, Mr. James's book must take its place as the most aggressively aggravating.

Few British colonels will read it (if colonels do read books) without a dangerous rise in their blood-pressure. Most missionaries will be shocked. On the other hand, Indians will find in it little cause for self-satisfaction, and there will be indignation among many ardent nationalists. It is indeed a feat to have written a book so irritating, and, at the same time, so extremely readable.

Edward Holton James is best known to his own countrymen as an American radical and the tireless defender of Sacco and Vanzetti. One need not be highly imaginative to understand his interest in India. But though his strong views are unveiled in his writings, his neutrality is more than a pretense. If he has a serious fault it is a typically American one; for he spanks us impartially with quiet and unconscious superiority. His book has certainly a better right to be printed in the World's Capital than the Simon Report has to its blue official cover.

The book takes the form of a personal diary from September, 1930, to May, 1931. During this time Mr. James saw a good deal of political and other events in India which a less enterprising tourist would not have discovered and a more cautious man would have kept to himself. He tells us a great deal that cannot be learned from the newspapers about the Meerut case, the Irwin-Gandhi pact, the Civil Disobedience Campaign and other vitally important matters. Though he flashes rapidly from one picture to another, it would be wrong to compare the effect to that of a kaleidoscope. The impenetrable wholeness of India has found its way into his book and links the episodes with the same loose chain that makes India nationalism a fact in spite of India Communalism. There is also the personality of the author—sympathetic, ironical, or critical according to his mood.

Those who, like Mr. James, have incurred at any time the suspicion of Authority in India will recognize with mingled amusement and irritation his accounts of the attentions of the police. Two English press-men accuse him of "letting down" the dignity of the White Man and the press by taking off his shoes at a prayer-meeting of Gandhi's.

> How did they know that I had taken my shoes off? They got it from the police. The police had it on their books. The police know everything about me—had me photographed with my shoes off in Gandhi's prayer-meeting.

The steps leading up to the Provisional Settlement at Delhi are closely followed, and the author's conclusions may be summed up in his own estimate of the late Viceroy.

> Lord Irwin acted with consummate skill. He won a complete victory for British interests by modesty, logic, strength, firmness and every other quality that a British ruler ought to have when charged with the administration of a foreign country. . . . Through Lord Irwin England once more got the upper hand of the situation in India.

The present writer would join issue with Mr. James on more than one point. His estimate of Gandhi seems to vary from day to day and sometimes shows a hastiness unworthy of his subject and a lack of patience with an alien culture. What is merely naivety in Gandhi might well be "vanity" in a lesser man. The adulation of the crowds is not of his choosing—he merely puts up with it because he has to. If Bhagat Singh can rightly be called a "Barabbas" when many Indians believe him to have been innocent of the crime for which he was executed, Gandhi's praise for him was directed to the patriot and not to the alleged assassin. "If political assassination is wrong," says Mr. James, "it cannot be brave." Does the same apply to war, and can no soldier be brave, however misguidedly? Gandhi is also criticised for confusing these crimes with "legitimate warfare" under the title of "violence," but this smells more of law than of ethics. If violence can ever be "legitimate" it must surely be the violence used by men in their struggle for freedom, and an Indian assassin would not be less guilty of murder if he were to wear a uniform—even if he had one. If it is true that those who take the sword shall perish by the sword, then those who rule by the rifle should be prepared to perish by the rifle.

There is also a danger of some misapprehension being caused with regard to Gandhi's views on religion.

*I Tell Everything (The Brown Man's Burden) by E. H. James. Imprimerie Kundig, 10 Rue du Vieux-College, Genève, Switzerland. Cloth bound 15 Swiss francs, post free from publishers.

The Mahatma's Hinduism is so stressed as to obscure the breadth of his religious views. In contrast to certain critical passages in the book I would recall the outcry of orthodox Hindus when Gandhi gave a course of lectures on the New Testament at the Ahmedabad National University; or the inauguration of Civil Disobedience under his orders by recitations from the Bible, the Koran and the Gita. It is also a pity that Gandhi's much-discussed comments on foreign missions should have been published in the *Associated Press* version without a footnote giving the important amendments made to the statement by Mr. Gandhi in *Young India*. Whether the first report was accurate or not, the second must stand as his considered opinion.

Mr. James's crisp epigrams dispose quickly of most that he sees. His aim is good and he seldom misses his mark, but Gandhi has got him guessing. He is right in his estimate of the Mahatma's sincerity and energy. I believe he is right in his estimate of the Irwin-Gandhi Pact. But Gandhi the Man has eluded him, as he eludes most people.

As for the future, he finds it a matter for a somewhat indefinite optimism. He clearly regards the victory of British diplomacy as a passing phase. On the other hand, he has seen the weak points of the nationalist front. The Third International he rules out—perhaps rightly—as "pure bugaboo," commenting that "neither the Moslem nor the Hindu brain works along that line." He returns in the end to Gandhi who "holds the key to the situation" and "knows that the force which he exercises comes not from him but from above him."

Nevertheless he has done well to give us a faithful picture of the aftermath of the truce and of the "intransigeant" forces which so many of our papers have so carefully ignored recently. Jamnadas Mehta's brilliant speech at Karachi may be cited as a warning note worth heeding both here and in India.

> The fact of the matter is that Mahatmaji, as the greatest moral asset of the country, has such a powerful hold on us that in his presence all thought is benumbed and all judgment paralysed, and any courage, any independence of conviction is regarded with the greatest of disapproval.

Gandhi himself would be the first to acknowledge the danger of such a situation, and urge his friends to place conviction before personal attachment.

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS.

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# Correspondence

## Open Letter from Albert Einstein

Conference of War Resisters International,
Lyons, France.

I address myself to you, the delegates of the War Resisters' International, meeting in Conference at Lyons, because you represent the movement most certain to end war. If you act wisely and courageously, you can become the most effective body of men and women in the greatest of all human endeavours. Those you represent in fifty-six countries have a potential power far mightier than the sword.

All the nations of the world are talking about disarmament. You must lead them to do more than talk. The people must take this matter out of the hands of statesmen and diplomats. They must grip it in their own hands.

Those who think that the danger of war is past are living in a fool's paradise. We have to face today a militarism far more powerful and destructive than the militarism which brought the disaster of the Great War.

This is the achievement of governments. But among the peoples the idea of war resistance spreads. You must challengingly and fearlessly extend this idea. You must lead the people to take disarmament into their own hands and to declare that they will take no part or lot in war or in the preparation of war. You must call upon the workers of all countries unitedly to refuse to become the tool of death-dealing interests. There are young men in twelve countries who are resisting conscription by refusal to do military service. They are the pioneers of a warless world. Every sincere friend of peace must support them and help to arouse the moral conviction of the world against conscription.

I appeal especially to the intellectuals of the world. I appeal to my fellow-scientists to refuse to co-operate in research for war purposes. I appeal to the preachers to seek truth and renounce national prejudices. I appeal to the men of letters to declare themselves unequivocally.

I ask every newspaper which prides itself on supporting peace to encourage the peoples to refuse war service. I ask editors to challenge men of eminence and of influence by asking them bluntly: "Where do you stand? Must you wait for everyone else to disarm before you put down your weapons and hold out the hand of friendship?"

This is no time for temporizing. You are either for war or against war. If you are for war, you must encourage science, finance, industry, religion and labor to exert their power to make your national armaments as efficient and deadly as they can be made. If you are against war, you must encourage them to resist it to the uttermost. I ask everyone who reads these words to make this great and definite decision.

Let this generation take the greatest step forward ever made in the life of man. Let it contribute to those who follow, the inestimable fight of a world in which the barbarity of war has been forever renounced. We can do it if we will. It requires only that all who hate war shall have the courage to say that they will not have war.

I appeal to all men and women, whether they be eminent or humble, to declare before the World Disarmament Conference which meets at Geneva in February, that they will refuse to give any further assistance to war or the preparation for war. I ask them to tell their governments this in writing, and to register their decision by informing me that they have done so.

I shall expect to have thousands of responses to this appeal. They should be addressed to me at the Headquarters of the War Resisters' International, 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England. To enable this great effort to be carried through effectively, I have authorised the establishment of the "Einstein War Resisters' International Fund." Contributions to this fund should be sent to the Treasurer of the W. R. I., 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England.

A. EINSTEIN.

August 4, 1931

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### Rent in Russia

Editor of UNITY:

Single taxers will smile over a few words in Bernard Shaw's recent address to the left-wing Laborites in England. As reported in the New York Times, he said:

"They pay rent in Russia, but the difference is that here we pay rent to a gentleman who may go and blow it all at Monte Carlo. In Russia you pay rent to the local Soviet, which uses it for public purposes, of which you get the benefit. In other words, the people of London are fools; the people of Moscow are sensible."

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

*Chilmark, Mass.*

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### Good News

Editor of UNITY:

I recently came in possession of a copy of UNITY for the first time and have been so much impressed with the broadness of its scope and editorial policy that I hasten to send my subscription.

Enclosed please find check for $3.00.

C. W. B.

*Chicago, Ill.*

## The Field

(*Continued from page* 354)

of Nations society. Little Iceland has 2 such groups. Ireland, which has proved for long generations that her sons are very combative, has 6 peace organizations. Curiously enough Russia has 2, but significantly one has its headquarters in Paris, the other in Geneva. France, whose government makes her the cock of the walk in Europe today, has many people who desire to avoid the horrors of war and counts 41 organizations devoted to such a service.

The "No More War Movement," in England, has held 2,000 meetings during the year 1930. A manifesto on behalf of naval disarmament received the signatures of 931 clergy and free church ministers during 1930. An International Disarmament Declaration pleading for disarmament has been signed by over 1,100,000 individuals in England up to July 26, 1930. A Woman's Peace Crusade has united with 20 women's national organizations in Great Britain. There is a valuable work progressing in the schools of England.

There are some who naturally say of the smaller peace groups, "What do they amount to anyhow?" A reasonable reply is found in the fact that these bodies in their respective local surroundings represent a hatred of war accompanied by the realization that there must be a substitute for it if our civilization is to survive. These people, often thoughtful and influential in their own countries, know that the numerous arbitrations and judicial settlements of the past have absolutely proved that there are substitutes for war.

Of recent time some local authorities in England have refused to display, or continue to display, recruiting posters on or in municipal buildings under their control. On July 11, 1931, thousands of people marched to the great Albert Hall, London, and in a huge demonstration joined with the Prime Minister and the two ex-premiers—representing the three political parties—in demanding that the coming Disarmament Conference shall act and not merely talk. Its equivalent would be found if President Hoover, Al Smith and Norman Thomas were to combine in such addresses at a huge mass meeting in New York City. Lord Cecil, at the close of the meeting, declared that the world was faced with the choice between darkness and light, "And let us show," he said, "that Britain is determined to choose the light."

Prof. Pierre Doyen, a French ex-Captain, has said: "I think that the cause of peace is best served by clearly stating what seems to be the truth rather than an optimism of words. In spite of all this remains: That the mass of the French people is pacific, that the government which attempted a new war would run up against sharp and numerous resistances." Prof. Doyen is an earnest advocate of peace in France. There is to be a great conference of the War Resisters International, held in August, at Lyons, France.

While many of the ministers of the United States have thrown themselves heart and soul into the peace movement it is encouraging to them to know that many churches abroad are their allies on behalf of the underlying principles of the gospel. The Marquess of Tavistock, a leading English peeress, has declared: "If the Church will demand justice where there is injustice; knowledge where there is ignorance; if she will boldly insist that weapons be removed from the hands of those who, being human, are unfit to wield them, she may yet give to the world peace and not destruction." The profound conviction that the system of war is sin is being upheld by many church leaders in England.

Denver, Colorado.

## "Finding a Faith to Live By"

"Finding a Faith to Live By" is the title of an eighty-page booklet which has just been issued by the Unitarian Laymen's League for general circulation, particularly for hand-to-hand distribution by members of the League among persons who are unsettled in their religious thought and life and are seeking, more or less consciously for a stabilizing faith in an age of confusion. The treatment is entirely nonsectarian, avoiding all use of denominational and theological labels.

It was prepared at the suggestion of Percy W. Gardner, president of the League, by Ival McPeak, the secretary. Mr. McPeak drew upon the writings of many of the best thinkers of the time, men of several different religious fellowships, for much of the material, especially in describing the varying viewpoints at which people arrive in going from the "field of fact" into the "adventure of faith." Differing conclusions on religious questions are stated impartially, with emphasis on the grounds of agreement. A carefully selected descriptive list of books for reading is added.

This booklet is one of the means by which the League is encouraging and aiding its members to make friendly, helpful contacts with people who are seeking a solution of their spiritual problems. It is urged that such individual service be rendered solely for the sake of the individual, not the institution. "Finding a Faith to Live By" is written to give such help, and the League's name appears in it only as the organization responsible for the publication and willing to give any further help needed.

It is, however, available for general circulation, and copies may be obtained from Laymen's League headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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